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## The Marshal

BY  
Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews  
Author of The Perfect Tribute  
The Better Treasure, etc.

Illustrations by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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CHAPTER XXXII.

The Bugle-Call.

The gray dawn of a Sunday morning began to break over the sleeping city of Boulogne, yet earlier than the dawn anxious eyes opened to watch, and men's hearts beat fast to meet it. Scattered in lodging-houses and barracks Louis Napoleon's followers were waiting before daylight for the part they had to play. No man among them was as quiet as little nervous as the Prince, yet his as well as every gallant heart of them felt a throb of relief with its bound of excitement when a trumpet from the Austere barracks, the barracks of the fourth artillery, Napoleon's own regiment, suddenly sounded.

It was the signal, and in a moment the Prince and his escort were moving down the dark street toward Colonel Vaudrey's quarters, toward that ringing note not yet died out from the pulsing air.

The city was tranquil when Prince Louis reached the barracks-gate, and the soldier-blood in him rushed in a tide when he saw sixty mounted artillerymen posted at the entrance, and beyond, in the yard, statue-like, warlike, silent, the regiment formed in square. If the fourth artillery followed its colonel, if the day went well, this was the core of his army. Colonel Vaudrey was in the center of the square; the Prince marched quietly to him and as he came, with a sharp simultaneous clatter that was the music of Heaven to his ears, the whole regiment presented arms.

In the glowing light the soldiers who hurried toward him could see that the colorless face turned gray, but that was all, and quickly Colonel Vaudrey spoke to his men.

"Soldiers of the fourth artillery," he said loudly, "a revolution begins today under the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. He is before you, and comes to lead you. He has returned to his land to give back the people their rights, the army its greatness. He trusts in your courage, your devotion to accomplish this glorious mission. My soldiers, your colonel has answered for you. Shout then with me 'Long live Napoleon! Long live the Emperor!'"

The terse soldierly words were hardly finished when the regiment, strongly Bonapartist always, carried off its feet now by the sight of the Prince, by the honor of being the first to whom he came caught up the cry, and the deep voices sent it rolling down the empty streets. Louis Bonaparte standing erect, motionless, impassive as always, wondered if a pulse might beat harder than his and not break. He held up his hand, and rapidly, yet with lingering shouts of enthusiasm, the tumult, the shouting, the regiment to its farthest man heard every word of the strong tones.

"Soldiers," he said, "I have come to you first because between you and me there are great memories. With you the Emperor, my uncle, served as captain; with you he won glory at the siege of Toulon; you opened the gates of Grenoble to him when he came back from Elba. Soldiers, the honor of beginning a new empire shall be yours; yours shall be the honor of saluting first the eagle of Austerlitz and Wagram." He caught the standard from an officer and held it high. "It is the sign of French glory; it has shone over every battlefield; it has passed through every capital of Europe. Soldiers, rally to the eagle! I trust it to you—we will march today against the oppressors, crying 'Long live France!'"

One who has not heard a regiment gone mad can not know how it was. With deafening clatter and roar every sword was drawn and the shakos flew aloft and again and again and again the men's deep voices sent up in broken magnificent chorus the great historic cry to which armies had gone into battle.

"Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!" The souls of a thousand men were on fire with memories and traditions, with a passion of consecration to a cause, and as if the spell of the name grew stronger with its repetition they shouted over and over, in tremendous unison, over and over and over.

Women Suffer Terribly From Kidney Trouble.

Around on her feet all day—no wonder a woman has backache, headache, stiff swollen joints, weariness, poor sleep and kidney trouble. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief for these troubles. They strengthen the kidneys—take away the aches, pains and weariness. Make life worth living again. They will absolutely drive out rheumatism, weak back and swollen ankles due to kidney and bladder trouble. Try Foley Kidney Pills and see how much better you feel. Sold by all dealers everywhere.—Adv. Nov.

"Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!" It was necessary at last for the quiet slender young man who was the storm-center to raise his hand again, and with a word, with the glimmer of a smile to speak his gratitude—to stop the storm. There was much to be done. The fourth artillery was but one of several regiments to be gained if the victory were to be complete. Colonel Lombard was dispatched to a printing office with proclamations to be struck off; Lieutenant Lalit hurried away to his battalion; a detachment was sent to hold the telegraph office; the tumult once quieted, the yard was a scene of efficient business, for all this had been planned and each officer knew his work. In a very few moments the officers of the third artillery who were with the Prince had hastened to their quarters, another had been sent to arouse the forty-sixth of the line, at the Place d'Alton barracks, and shortly Prince Louis himself was on his way to the same place.

Through the streets of the city, no longer empty, he passed with his officers, and the people poured from their houses, and joined and answered the shouts of the soldiers.

"Vive l'Empereur!" the soldiers cried. "It is the nephew of Napoleon," and the citizens threw back, "Vive l'Empereur! It is the son of the honest king of Holland! It is the grandson of Josephine!"

They pressed so close about the small figure in its Swiss uniform of a colonel that for a moment he was separated from his officers, and Colonel Vaudrey, smiling for all his military discipline, was forced to order his mounted artillerymen to clear the road.

Every moment an old soldier broke out of the mass and embraced the eagle which Lieutenant de Querelles carried proudly high above all this emotion; the soldiers' eyes flashed with success; the Prince's heart beat high for joy to know that he had not misread the heart of army or people. When the column passed the general's guard turned out and presented arms, shouting, "Long live the Emperor!" So he went through the streets of Boulogne, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, eight long years before he came to his own, and marched in triumph and acclamation to a failure.

And close by his side, his look as radiant as the Prince's look was contained and impassive, marched always Francis Beaupre. The hard-earned military knowledge, the patient toil of preparation had come into play, and in a hundred ways the man had been useful. With no exact rank as yet, but ready at any moment, eager for the hardest task, never asking for rest, quick-witted, resourceful, officers as well as Prince had developed a habit of turning to Beaupre for service. He was always ready, and always were met with a glad consent which encouraged them to ask more until the Prince said:

"It is the case of the willing horse; I will not permit that my right-hand man be worked to death—it must stop."

Today, however, Francis had a definite duty of responsibility. While the Prince marched, gathering strength at every yard, through the town toward the Place d'Alton at its farther side, Colonel Courard of the third artillery had gone to proclaim the great news to his regiment and to hold them ready. In case of success at the Place d'Alton, Beaupre was to go back and bring them to join the Prince. In case of failure they were to be his reserve. The Place d'Alton barracks lay between town and ramparts, to be reached from the town side only by a narrow lane; but the ramparts commanded with a large open space the yard where the soldiers assembled. If the Prince entered from the town side, from the street—Faubourg Pierre—only an escort could go with him. If he went by the ramparts, the whole enthusiastic fourth artillery might be at his back. This then was the route chosen.

But as the Prince and the regiment and the swinging shouting mass of citizens made its way toward the quarters, suddenly, too late, the officers about his Highness saw that the van a man had lost his head, had forgotten, and the compact inelastic procession had been led toward the approach from the Faubourg Pierre, the narrow lane at the side toward the city. It was a serious mistake, yet not of necessity fatal, and at all events they must make the best of it. The Prince could not make a strategic entrance at the head of a shouting regiment, but for all that he might win the forty-sixth.

He did win the forty-sixth. Something had happened to the officer sent to arouse them—another slip in the chain—and instead of being drawn up in the yard they were getting ready for Sunday inspection, but they did rush into the yard at the name of Napoleon. An old sergeant of the Imperial Guard ran forward and kissed Prince Louis' hand, and the reserved face lightened—he knew the value of a bit of sentiment with Frenchmen; he was not wrong; in moment the line regiment had caught up the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" raised by the artillerymen, and the earlier scene of the Austerlitz barracks was being repeated here. Prince Louis, pale and composed in the center of the roar of voices, the seething sea of excitement, heard a word at his ear and turned.

"Sir, it is success. I go to bring up your Majesty's other regiment," Francis said, and the Prince answered quietly:

"Yes, it is success. Go, mon ami."

In a moment the messenger had thrown himself on the horse of an artilleryman and forced a way through the ranks.

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Thousands of people keep coughing because they are unable to get the right remedy. Coughs are caused by inflammation of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes. What you need is to soothe this inflammation. Take Dr. King's New Discovery, it penetrates the delicate mucous membrane of the throat and quickly relieves the congested membranes. Get a 50c bottle from your druggist.

"Dr. King's New Discovery quickly and completely stopped my cough," writes J. H. Watts, Florida, Texas. Money back if not satisfied, but it nearly always helps.



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Figure it out to yourself this way: Would they have bought these cabinets without convincing themselves that they SAVE MILES OF STEPS and hours of time? Would so many have bought them at all if users hadn't told others and thus influenced their friends to buy them.

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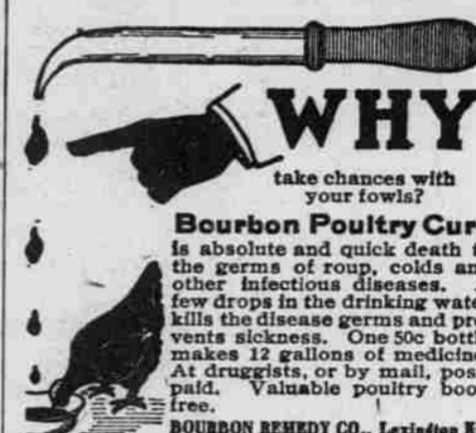
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For Sale by Henry L. Perry, Richmond, Ky.

Quite an Ancient Bride.

Editor Saufly, of the Stanford Interior Journal, has the following to say of a young couple who recently married in that city. But we all make mistakes sometimes:

Maurice Daugherty, aged 22, of the Saufly section, and Miss Addie Lunsford, 22, of Stanford, were married on Wednesday at the court house by Supt. Garland Singleton. Mr. Daugherty is an energetic, hard-working young man, while the bride is a handsome young lady. \* \* \* All congratulate the young couple and wish them a long life!

Our Best Seller.

We are selling more of Meritol Ecze-ma Remedy than all the others put together. This large sale is due to the fact that it is a preparation of unusual merit, made expressly for one purpose, eczema in its various forms. If you are afflicted with this loathsome disease, do not delay using Meritol Ecze-ma Remedy. Price 50c and \$1. Madison Drug Co., (Successor to E. C. Wines & Co.) Exclusive Agency.—Adv. Nov.

## Public Sale.

As administrators of Dr. J. C. Morgan, deceased, we will on

**Saturday, Nov. 7, 1914**

at 2 P. M. in front of the Court House, offer for sale to the highest bidder

3 shares Madison National Bank stock; 5 shares Citizens National Bank stock; 20 shares Commonwealth Life Insurance stock; 52 shares Paragon Consolidated Mining stock; 20 shares Great Southern Fire Insurance stock. Terms cash.

R. R. Burnam  
T. K. Hamilton } Adm's.  
Long Tom Chenault, Auc.

## L. & N. Time Table

### South Bound

No. 31—Cincinnati to Atlanta, arrives and departs (midnight), 11:59 a. m.

No. 71—Richmond to Stanford, departs 6:45 a. m.

No. 1—Louisville to Beattyville, arrives 12:10 p. m., departs 12:15 p. m.

No. 37—Cincinnati to Knoxville, arrives 11:10 a. m., departs 11:25 a. m.

No. 33—Cincinnati to Jacksonville, arrives and departs 11:22 a. m.

No. 27—Richmond to Louisville via Rowland, departs 12:55 p. m.

No. 3—Louisville to Beattyville, arrives 6:45 p. m., departs 7:35 p. m.

No. 9—Cincinnati and Maysville to Stanford, arrives 7:25, departs 7:30 p. m.

### North Bound

No. 34—Atlanta to Cincinnati, arrives and departs 4:15 a. m.

No. 10—Stanford to Cincinnati and Maysville, arrives 6:05 a. m., departs 6:10 a. m.

No. 2—Beattyville to Louisville, arrives 7:15 a. m., departs 7:20 a. m.

No. 28—Louisville to Richmond via Rowland, arrives 12:10 p. m.

No. 38—Knoxville to Cincinnati, arrives 1:30 p. m., departs 2:00 p. m.

No. 70—Stanford to Richmond, arrives 3:30 p. m.

No. 4—Beattyville to Louisville, arrives 1:35 p. m., departs 1:40 p. m.

No. 32—Jacksonville to Cincinnati, arrives and departs 5:15.

No. 33 and 32 are fast, solid through trains, Cincinnati, Ohio, to Jacksonville, Fla., carrying drawing-room, observation sleeping cars and coaches. Dining car between Cincinnati and Atlanta.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

B. M. Lackey's Adm. Plaintiff

vs. B. M. Lackey's Hrs. Equity Defendants

Under and by virtue of a judgment and order of sale, rendered at the October Term of the Madison Circuit Court in the above styled action, the undersigned Master Commissioner of said Court, will on

**Saturday, Nov. 7, 1914**

at 11 o'clock a. m. on the premises sold to the highest and best bidder at public auction a splendid

House and Lot of ground located on the south side of West Main street in Richmond, Ky., front 60 feet on said street and running back in parallel lines 250 feet. There is a nice residence on this lot and must be seen to be appreciated.

At same time and place I will sell under said judgment Lot No. 4 in Block No. 6 located in the Richmond Investment Co.'s Addition to the city of Richmond, Ky., said lot being 50 feet front and 180 feet deep.

TERMS—Said property will be sold on a credit of six months time, the purchaser being required to execute sale bonds, bearing 6 per cent interest from date until paid, with lien retained to secure payment of purchase money, or purchaser can pay cash if desired.

H. C. RICE, M. C. M. C. C.

## Farm

AT

Public Sale

Having decided to quit farming, I will offer for sale at public outcry on

**Friday, Nov. 27, 1914**  
at 10 a. m.

My farm of 118 acres. This farm is 6 1/2 miles from Richmond on the Mill Grove and Kirksville pike, 1.4 mile from Lancaster pike. It is one of the best farms in Madison county. Will grow anything. Has all necessary improvements including good house, tenant house, 10-acre tobacco barn, buggy house, hen house, coal house and cabin in yard. All these buildings are new. About 50 acres of this farm is in cultivation and the rest in grass. Terms easy and made known on day of sale. Possession given January 1, 1915.

**Dave I. Hisle**

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